

A Lasting Decision

by Poseidon321

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Summary: Modern AU: He opened the message. 'Haddock Industries has been a thorn in our side for too long. It is time to begin Operation Maximum. Ruin Chairman Haddock's life by destroying the last thing he holds dear. Your target is a student at BHS in Colorado; His name is Henry "Hiccup" Haddock. Kill him, and await further orders.'

1. Chapter 1

Saratov, Russia

The dim lamp flickered on and off, barely illuminating the room. One, no, the only useful source of light was the bright glow of a desktop monitor. On the screen were statistics charts of various world powers.

The dark haired man who sat at the desk sighed when he looked at the economic charts. Even after all these years, the United States was still on top.

But it wouldn't last for long. China was getting ever so close to overtaking the US, and Russia wasn't far behind. They were so close, so close to destroying the United States. All it took was a few more blows.

The man dragged the mouse across the screen, and moved the charts. He didn't need to see those anymore. What he now looked at was a list of names and ages, along with a line over them. These were the people he had disposed of throughout his entire career. He counted a total of fifty-nine.

His name was Viktor Isayev. He was an assassin that worked for the Russian government, formerly Spetsnaz. He had originally retired from the Spetsnaz after five years of service, because he had other plans in mind. But when President Yozhikov approached him about 'using his

skills and being rewarded for it', who was Viktor to turn something like that down?

Viktor had the perfect looks for an assassin. Dark hair, deep ocean blue eyes, and a scarred face. Not to mention he was obsessed with the colour black. Maybe because he made all of his kills at night.

His last kill was a board member of Haddock Industries, a multi-billion dollar engineering firm that took advantage of Russia's rising wealth and used it against the Motherland. That had been one quick and easy sniper shot, but since he hadn't heard from President Yozhikov in over two weeks, he assumed that this next one would be the final and most important one. When he would be notified was a different question, however.

He leaned out of his chair and yanked the mini-fridge open, feeling a nice cool breeze. He groped around the fridge for a bottle of Stolichnaya, which was near the back. Viktor popped the cap open and poured the clear liquid into an overused cup. He lifted the glass up to his lips and took a swig. The vodka felt like gold down his throat; he loved the drink to death. Where most foreigners would make faces, he drank it like it was water; a high tolerance was what he was grateful for when it came to vodka.

After downing the glass, Viktor twisted the cap back on and shoved the bottle into the mini-fridge. He turned his attention back to the monitor, and minimized his hit-list. Viktor opened up his internet browser and the first thing that appeared was : the website of the Russian President. He logged into his account, and the interface changed, giving him many more options. Viktor first glanced at the corner of the screen to a little mail icon, which had a small '1' next to it. That meant he had a message.

Viktor slid the mouse over the icon, and opened up his message inbox. There was a single solitary message titled 'OPERATION MAXIMUM'. He clicked and the message popped out.

_ 'Dear Agent 10, _

_ Haddock Industries has been a thorn in our side for too long. It is time to begin Operation Maximum. Phase 1 is where you need to ruin Chairman Haddock's life by destroying the last thing he holds dear. Your target is a student at BHS in Colorado; His name is Henry Haddock. Kill him, and await further orders. _

_ Good luck, _

_ President Yozhikov and Prime Minister Tsarovich _

_ P.S. _

_ Your new identity and passport have been sent to your apartment, along with an appearance changer kit. You have been enrolled in BHS under the name of Vasili Gregorov, an exchange student from Russia. You have been arranged an apartment with two agents that will act as your legal guardians. Customs and gun declarations are dealt with both here and in the United States. Bring as many as you need. The plane is at the private airport in Saratov. Your flight leaves at noon tomorrow... ' _

There was a bunch of other information below that detailed everything he needed to know, but he didn't look at it. He simply printed the message and stuffed it in his pocket.

Viktor frowned. Most of the hits that the government assigned him were important people, but he didn't expect this. They had never told him to kill anyone innocent, much less a teenager.

But it had to be done, for the good of the Motherland. He exited his apartment and walked outside, taking in the cool night air. Viktor moved over to the mailbox, and pulled down the hatch. Inside were a small box and a package. These were no doubt his kit and fake identity, as both carried the seal of the President.

He lumbered back inside and sat at the kitchen table. Viktor yanked on a cord, and a light flashed. It illuminated the small kitchen, if only barely. He ripped open a back, and took out the bundle of papers.

Bound together by a rubber band was a passport, a boarding pass, and an exchange student license. He opened the passport and saw a picture of a handsome young man with black hair and blue eyes. However, the picture looked nothing like Viktor. It looked younger and less experienced. This would fool even the keenest of observers.

Among the papers was a small note, which didn't carry an official seal. He recognized the handwriting when he picked it up and looked at it. It was a message.

'Please give Henry Haddock a swift and clean death. He is just a boy, so don't make him suffer.

~PM Tsarovich'

Viktor nodded, put the note down and sighed heavily. Was he really stooping so low that he was to kill a teenager? _Yes. It is for the good of the Motherland_, he told himself.

The assassin stood up and plodded towards his closet. With one swift pull the door was open, and two massive bright red suitcases fell out. One was for his tools, the other for his clothing.

He threw the suitcases onto the table and trotted into his bedroom. Viktor reluctantly opened the chest at the end of his bed, revealing another box. He took the box out and opened it, making sure everything was okay.

It was a heavily modified and silenced Dragunov Sniper Rifle that was jet black. It was broken up into pieces so it could fit in the box. He closed the box, set it on the ground and looked around his room, wondering what else to bring.

After about an hour of packing, Viktor stuffed the last two things he needed into his carry on. They were two silenced pistols. Just in case.

Viktor looked at the clock. It was almost midnight. He put his bags by the door and walked into his bedroom before collapsing onto the soft mattress.

He fell asleep soon after.

(Next Morning)

The light of the sun shined through the bedroom window, painting a glow across Viktor's pale face. His eye lids slid open, and he rubbed his blue orbs. He brought his watch up to his face. 11:48.

Damn it, Viktor thought._ No time for getting ready._

He leaped off the bed and hopped on the computer. He logged out of and put a lock on the software. Finally, Viktor shut down the computer and bolted into the kitchen.

After grabbing his bags and his Dragunov case had rushed out the door. The streets were bustling with activity. Gypsies tried to sell people things, and regular people walked to work.

Viktor knew the private airport was only a few blocks away, but the pilots usually liked to take off early. More crap to add to his situation. The sidewalk was hard on his shoes, plus he was carrying two bags and massive case.

Weaving through crowds and rounding corners, he finally came upon the private airport. He walked quickly through the entrance and onto the runway.

In the middle was a massive black jet. The wingspan was gigantic, and had folds at the end. He had never flown in a plane like this, despite being a treasured government agent.

A huge blonde man in a suit stood near the stairs that lead into the airplane. "Are you Mr. Isayev?" Viktor nodded, showing identification.

"Well then," the man smiled gesturing to the plane, "Welcome aboard." He took Viktor's bags except of the case.

The Assassin hesitated before he hurried up the stairs and stepped into the sleek aircraft. He never liked flying. It always made him extremely wary. Probably because his sister died in a plane crash. However, all worries were washed away when he saw the inner beauty of the plane.

The inner coating of the cabin was a smooth, cured velvet, breaking every so once in a while along the sides for a window. The cabin sported a large table and black leather chairs near the door. A 106 centimetre plasma screen TV was embedded in the back wall, with a black couch below that ran along the wall and turned at a corner. In the back Viktor could see a full service bar operated by flight attendants and there was a stairwell next to it. Must've had two floors.

But what really surprised Viktor was the single passenger already on the plane. It was a short, lean, grey-haired man with ancient forest green eyes, a glass in his hand. A scar ran down the left side of his jawbone. Viktor instantly recognized him.

"Mr. Prime Minister, what are you doing here?" the assassin

asked.

The old man chuckled, and took a sip of his drink. "Oh, I'd figure I'd check out the snowboarding in Colorado. Heard it was pretty good down there. I was getting bored of the Caucasus."

Viktor shot the politician a 'You've got to be kidding me' face, and sat down. "Funny. Why are you really here, sir?"

"One, stop with the formalities, just call me Ivan or Mr. Tsarovich; I'm not the President, and two-

"You're pretty damn close." Viktor interrupted.

"TWO," The Prime Minister snapped, "We have a fourteen hour flight. I'm saving my answers for later in the flight, so save your questions." Viktor huffed in defeat.

A brunette flight attendant in overly-revealing clothing shuffled over to the table, looking at Viktor. "Can I get you anything before we take off?"

"Moscow Mule. Extra lime." Viktor said, refusing to lay eyes on the woman. She was soon gone, back into the bar.

"Your style of outfits for the stewardess is less than entertaining, Mr. Tsarovich." The assassin scoffed.

"You aren't getting any lapdances. They are for me." The Prime Minister jeered.

Viktor looked disgusted. "You are like fifty-five years old. What the hell is wrong with you?"

Tsarovich glared at him. "I'm the second most powerful person in the now third largest economy on the planet. I can do what I want."

"Maybe, but that doesn't excuse the fact that it is weird as shit."

Before the Prime Minister could retort, the flight attendant brought Viktor's drink and set it down on the table. She walked over to the cockpit and exchanged a few words, before leaving and sitting down.

Viktor brought the glass up to his mouth and savored the striking flavor, which tickled his throat.

There was a loud revving sound, and then silence again. The plane slowly moved forward, and picked up speed. Viktor held gripped his drink, fears returning from earlier, and received a snicker from Tsarovich.

"You scared?" He asked.

"I hate flying." The assassin responded flatly.

"We've sent you on at least fifty missions and you haven't gotten over your fear of flying?"

"No, I haven't. You are scared to death of spiders, yet Yozhikov keeps almost thirty as pets in the Kremlin. Some of them are in your office!" Viktor exclaimed, annoyed.

"Yozhikov will kill me if I try to take them out. I bet he just keeps them in there because he likes seeing me scared."

"Or maybe he is just getting back at you for all those times you went against his wishes?" He asked, taking another sip of his drink.

"Hey, in my defense, Yozhikov has made some pretty stupid and lowly decisions." The Prime Minister replied innocently.

Viktor shot him a knowing look. "Like, say, the choice of my target?"

Tsarovich looked down at the floor, ending the conversation.

Then suddenly it occurred to Viktor that they were high up in the sky already. Had the take off been that smooth? He didn't even notice it.

"Well," the Prime Minister paused, "I'm off to the upstairs. Be back in a few hours, hopefully. You do, er, whatever it is you do in your free time. Also, take a look at this." Tsarovich stood up leisurely, placed down a folder, and waltzed his way to the back of the plane, disappearing up the stairwell.

Viktor put a hand to his face and sighed. This mission was insane. He couldn't bear the thought that he had to kill an innocent teenager that had done nothing to harm Russia or its interests. Well, except for the fact that this Henry Haddock would most likely take over the company when his Dad retired.

But it was still crazy. The lowest order Viktor had received besides this one was someone who remotely had any involvement in stopping Russia from getting a new source of oil at the North Pole.

He grabbed the folder and took the papers out. At first he had no idea what it was, but then it hit him.

Before Viktor when on assassinations, spies always got him information about his target. This was no different.

The first thing that caught his eye was a picture. It was a photo of a handsome young man, with emerald eyes and auburn hair.

This must be Henry, Viktor thought. He skipped the information that was currently useless to him and looked at the biography.

'Henry Haddock is a student at Berk Secondary School, or in the States it is known as Berk High School. He has top grades in nearly all of his classes, and excels in Physics, Biology, Chemistry, and Mathematics. These are all Higher Level Classes, or AP in the United States...'

Dear god, I wish they told me he was a genius before, the assassin hypothesized.

'...Despite his intelligence, however, he has little to no social life. He hardly has any friends, is constantly bullied and beat up. Signs show anxiety and depression. Henry does have love interests, a blonde girl named Astrid Hofferson...'

A picture to the left of the paragraph showed a beautiful girl, with golden locks flowing down her shoulder, and amazing sapphire eyes almost too stunning to be human.

'...Although, she doesn't return the feelings. Henry Haddock always hardly ever sees his dad, and is usually alone in his house. He lives on 143 Laskem Lane in a gated community for rich people, code is 6823.'

Viktor dropped the papers back into the folder, and sat back in his chair. So, not only was he going to kill an innocent boy, he was going to kill a depressed, anxious genius with no friends.

This would be fun.

2. Chapter 2

****A/N WOW! 3 Favorites, 11 follows and 4 reviews for the first chapter!? Thank you all so much! At the end of the day, you are what give me the inspiration to write. To know that people like my work makes me want to explode!****

****Thank you all so much, for everything! It means a lot to me and I really appreciate it!****

****Guest Reviewer: No, taking AP classes does not make anyone a genius by any stretch of the imagination. Those were just Viktor's thoughts at the time because he is guessing that Hiccup is probably smarter than him in almost every practical use of Chemistry, Physics and Biology. Mathematics is something I would say Viktor is very good at, considering he has to do a lot with calculations of target movement and location, so that may be a tie with Hiccup. So no, AP classes doesn't make someone a genius, but I'll go as far and say that Hiccup is a genius.****

****(NOTE: To make something clear and if there was any confusion, all conversations with people like the Prime Minister and other Russians are in Russian UNLESS I explicitly say they are speaking in English before the conversation starts! I will type the Russian phonetically if Viktor says things in the presence of non-Russian speakers, but if he is speaking to Russians it is in Russian; I'm only writing in English to make it easier.)****

****So without further ado, on with the show!****

A beep rang throughout the plane, and the Captain's gruff voice came on. "Mr. Prime Minister and Agent Isayev, we are beginning our descent. Current temperature is 5 degrees Celsius. Local time is 12:07 A.M. Please make sure you have all of your belongings and are dressed appropriately for the weather. We are landing in a public airport, as the private one here is off limits to us. We hope you had a nice flight. Welcome to Berk."

Viktor opened his eyes and groaned like a bass at the sound of the Pilot's words. He'd heard about the symptoms of over-sleeping. They sucked. The assassin attempted to stand up, but his legs felt like gelatin. He thumped back down, and lazily turned his neck towards the window, popping many joints. Viktor's eyes widened at the sight.

Moving by them was a heavily industrial and modernized city. Lit skyscrapers tickled the clouds, and highways were overrun with traffic. Trains sped along rusted railroads, carrying steel, coal, oil, and other natural resources. However this was far from a mining town, as Viktor could clearly see. It was by the looks a rich and contemporary city. And although it was small, it packed a huge punch in density and population.

He tore his eyes away from the window and to the stairwell as a light thud grew louder, revealing a heavily layered and smug Tsarovich.

"So how was your time in 'the upstairs'?" Viktor asked, uninterested.

"It was great. That Viagra I had helped." The Prime Minister responded, adjusting his trench coat.

"Did you screw the stewardess for fourteen hours straight?" the assassin inquired, not excited for the answer.

"What? No, of course not. About six." Tsarovich grinned, receiving an eye roll from Viktor.

"Jesus Christ." He paused. "You never answered my question."

"You were sleeping!" the politician shot back, sitting down.

"Well, I'm awake!" Viktor snapped.

The Prime Minister sighed. "I'm your Dad."

"What? That doesn't make any-"

"Your foster Dad. Vasili's father."

Viktor slid a hand down his face, groaning loudly. "You have got to be kidding me."

"Nope. I have my own appearance change kit as well."

"This is worse than I thought." The assassin concluded, and Tsarovich chuckled.

"It isn't that bad. Hey, can you check my English?" The Prime Minister asked. Viktor nodded.

"I live in Colorado. My name is William Michelson." He spoke in practiced English, yet the accent was undeniably Eastern European, even with doctoring.

"Your actual language skills haven't gotten worse, but your accent is an automatic giveaway." Viktor replied in perfect English, along with

a flawless American accent.

"Oh come on!" Tsarovich moaned, switching to Russian. "That is bullshit. You don't even have to speak in an American one; you are supposed to do Russian anyway! This is not fair."

"I spent a lot of time in English speaking countries." The assassin changed to Russian as well. "Plus, you just don't have the exposure like I do. Anyway, who is my foster mother?"

"Agent Bagrova." The Prime Minister replied.

"Anastasia? My god." Viktor complained. "She is such a bitch. Why did you pick her?"

"Hey!" Tsarovich raised his hands. "She and I were Yozhikov's idea."

"Damn. What is up with- WAGH!" Viktor yelled as he as thrown onto the floor and the plane bounced.

"Please excuse the rough landing. The runway material isn't as pristine as we thought. Welcome to Berk, again. The exits will open when we have landed and you will be directed into the airport. Enjoy your stay." The Captain's voice echoed through the cabin.

Viktor grunted as he flexed his joints and muscles, stretching as pulled himself up from the table and sitting back down. Tsarovich rubbed his forehead, seemingly after he slammed his head on the table.

"Hire better pilots next time, damnit!" Viktor scolded.

"Don't blame them! It was the asphalt." The Prime Minister coughed. The assassin sighed exasperatedly.

The plane came to a complete stop soon after, and Viktor breathed deeply in relief. The flight was over.

He looked over as Tsarovich was pulling on his face mask. The eyes and hair remained the same, but the skin-tone was slightly darker and there was no scar on the jaw.

"You look different." Viktor said, fishing his appearance change kit out of a bag. The assassin opened it, and pulled on the rubbery mask. It was perfectly made and conformed to his face almost exactly; it felt like his real face.

"No shit and you look a lot younger." the politician replied, eyeing Viktor and standing up. "I won't be surprised if the teenage girls are drooling over you every second you are in the school."

"Shut the hell up." Viktor snapped, grabbing his Rifle case and heading towards the door, Tsarovich behind him.

The heavy glow of the moonlight was a sight to behold, and Viktor drank it in like water.

At the bottom of the stairs was the same tall, bulky blonde man, handing Viktor his bags. "Here you go, Agent Isayev. Good luck."

The assassin nodded and took the bags, clipping them together to make one. He walked towards the entrance to the airport, Tsarovich close behind.

Inside, it was a madhouse. People were moving at various speeds to get to flights or baggage claims or something else. Viktor usually took private airports; he had never seen something this crowded. Various inlets in the wall lead to restaurants, stores, and other places.

"God damn. Is it really this bad in every public airport?" Viktor asked incredulously.

"Not always." Tsarovich paused, speaking in English, "In most populated cities it is like this. Follow me. We need to get out of the airport. Also, speak English and call me Mr. Michelson. I'll call you Vasili."

"What about customs?" He asked, complying with the order and switching languages.

"Did you not read the message? Customs was taken care of. Although we'll have to go through some identification. Come on, I want to get to the apartment." The Prime Minister said, walking down the hall towards the Baggage Claim section.

Silence fell between the two as they weaved quickly through the crowds of people. Viktor was used to heavily populated areas, but this was different. These people looked focused and stressed. Russia wasn't much different, but the Berkians just provided a different atmosphere that Viktor was not used to.

They soon came upon an eight-lane line of booths, each with entrances and exits. Tsarovich chose a line, and Viktor followed. He noticed that there were heavily armed men stationed in strategic locations.

"What's with the extra security?" He asked.

"There was a terrorist attack here last year. Things have been tightened up." The Prime Minister responded with his eyes front, attempting to conceal his Eastern European accent.

"I wish someone would have told me that. That'll make it harder for me to do my job." Viktor whispered.

"Yeah well, have a talk with the man-in-charge about future information distribution." They were soon at the front of the line, facing a chubby Hispanic woman.

"Give me your passport and other entry documents." She stated, bored. Viktor and Tsarovich complied. The woman scanned the documents and looked up at Viktor.

"Ah, an exchange student. You should have picked a better school location." She chortled, before handing their documents back to them. They walked through the lane and towards the entrance of the airport.

The automatic doors opened at their presence, and they walked out into a heavily packed waiting area. A chilly breeze tickled their skin, and they continued walking.

"How exactly are we going to get to the apartment? I don't exactly want to wait for hours for a Taxi." Viktor asked.

"I rented a car." The Prime Minister snapped, as if it was obvious. He could be sarcastic, but he was serious at the correct times.

"Oh, really? What kind of car?" The assassin inquired, avoiding a speeding bus as he crossed the street.

"Mercedes."

Viktor sighed, following the Prime Minister into a parking garage. "God damnit, Mr. Tsar- Michelson." He corrected himself. "This is going to be awkward, this name thing."

"Meh, we'll get used to it." Tsarovich chuckled.

"Also, I thought you rented a car. The rental place was the other way." Viktor noticed the odd location.

"I said a rented a car. Never said I did it through official means." The politician chuckled, pressing a button on the keys and following the noise. When he found it, a red Mercedes, he grinned and opened the trunk.

"Really, Mr. Michelson? I don't think-"

"Just get in the goddamn car, will you?" The Prime Minister said, taking Viktor's red bags.

The assassin sighed, defeated, and yanked the front door open. Inside was a perfectly groomed beige leather coating, and various buttons on the dashboard. He sat down, chucking his Dragunov case in front of him.

Tsarovich pulled the trunk shut, walked around and sat in the driver's seat. He put the keys in, twisted them, and the car started, dashboard lighting up. He flipped the gear in reverse and backed out, hand against the back of Viktor's seat, before turning into drive and exiting the parking garage.

The car swiftly pulled out into the airport road, driving for a few minutes before turning on the highway. Viktor rubbed his face, feeling the rubber.

"So, where is our apartment?" The assassin asked, speaking Russian once again now that they were alone.

"It is about an eight kilometres from Haddock's neighborhood, located near the outskirts of the city." The Prime minister responded.

Viktor did the math and sighed. "Not exactly within running distance."

"It was the closest place to Haddock's house without having to buy a

house in the neighborhood. Also, wasn't your Father an Olympic runner?"

"I didn't inherit the genes. I hate running." He snapped.

"Okay, that's bullshit. You hate flying, yet you do it all the time. You hate running, yet when your missions go south you have to make the fastest getaways I have ever seen. Those are two of the main things you do in your job. And-"

"I hate killing people." Viktor admitted. Tsarovich looked at him like he was insane.

"Then why the hell are you still doing this job?"

"Because..." He stopped. "It is a way to take my mind off things. Helps me channel my anger."

"That's a terrible way to express your feelings."

"Maybe it is a little weird, but so what? I didn't have any problems with killing people because these were genuinely awful human beings. Traffickers, murderers, rapists, you name it! But... this..." Viktor sighed.

The Prime Minister made a right turn. "Look, Viktor. You're a good man-"

"I kill people for a living! How does that make me good man?" He interrupted, fingering the rubbery skin on his face.

Tsarovich coughed. "Because you have moral compass! Most of the other Agents don't."

"I just... I don't want my morality getting in the way of the job."

"Look. Most people would do it for the money. You don't. You do it because you truly believe that your targets are wretches. I understand that trying to fathom killing a boy is hard, and I don't blame you." The politician paused. "If you can't do this, I completely understand. But you have to let me know. I don't want to waste any time."

Viktor looked out the window in deep thought, eyes grazing the skyscrapers. Never in his life had he had second thoughts about killing his target, before or after the job was done. These feelings were ones he never felt.

"Viktor...you have to-" Tsarovich started.

"No. I'll do it. This is for the good of the country, and for the good of the people." The assassin said, and looked back through the windshield.

"Alright. But that means you can't think about this anymore, or talk about it. You have agreed to do the job, so you are to get the job done. Are we clear?" The Prime Minister demanded sharply.

"Yes."

"Good. I also forgot to mention that school starts tomorrow."

The news was like a slap in the face. "Tomorrow?! I just got here! And I don't know my schedule! Or where everything is in the school!"

Tsarovich dug two pieces of paper out of his bag and handed them to Marcus. One was a map, and the other was a list of classes.

1 - AP Calculus

2 - AP Biology

3 - AP Chemistry

4 - AP Physics

Lunch

5 - AP European History

6 - Physical Education

7 - AP English

"What? Did you sign me up for a carbon copy of Haddock's day?" Viktor asked, still shocked.

"Yes, actually." Tsarovich chortled.

"I can't do AP Chemistry! Or Biology!" the assassin complained.

"How do you make hydrazine from bleach?" the Prime Minister questioned.

" $\text{NH}_3 + \text{NH}_2\text{Cl} + \text{NaOH} \rightarrow \text{N}_2\text{H}_4 + \text{NaCl} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$." Viktor responded almost instantly.

"You'll be fine!" the Prime Minister assured, grinning smugly. "Physics and Calculus won't be a problem, since you already have to deal with that kind of stuff when you are sniping. Biology... well, I'm sure that'll be fine. European History, you'll destroy that class. Physical Education is the one that you are closest to blowing your cover; you'll probably out-do every single student in there. AP English, you will fail."

"What do you mean I'll fail?" Viktor asked worriedly.

"Haddock isn't doing well in that class, and he speaks English as his first language. You don't, so you'll probably suck even worse."

"Is that because English has a billion little rules that nobody uses in everyday life?" the assassin challenged.

"Yes." Tsarovich said as he made a sharp left turn and pulled the car into a small parking lot. He stopped violently in an open parking space and turned off the car.

"What's the hurry?" Viktor asked.

"I'm tired, and it is one in the morning." the Prime Minister snapped.

"I'm not tired."

"Yeah, because you slept for fourteen hours." the politician said, opening the door and walking around to the trunk and opening it. Viktor grabbed his Dragunov case and did the same, heading around to collect his bags. He pulled them out, and Tsarovich retrieved his stuff before shutting the trunk and locking the car.

"Come on." Tsarovich snipped, and walked towards the door of the apartment. He put the key in, twisted the knob, and headed inside. Viktor followed.

Now, to say the least, it wasn't exactly the Kremlin, but it wasn't terrible. A well kept living room with a chair, couch, and TV bordered the kitchen, which had brown cabinets and glass dining table. A bottle of Stolichnaya and Scotch sat on the table. There were doors on either side of the kitchen, each leading into different rooms.

Tsarovich dragged his stuff into the left bedroom, and came out soon after. "I'm heading off to bed."

Viktor nodded. "I'm going to stay up, maybe have a drink."

"Alright. Remember: there is a drinking age. Don't get caught drinking outside. Good night." the Prime Minister caution, before stepping back into his room and closing the door.

Viktor turned around and looked at the liquor. No, he thought. I need to fix my sleep cycle.

He fished in his bag for a bottle of sleeping pills, and his fingers curled around the cylinder when he found it. Viktor popped one in his mouth and swallowed.

The assassin walked into the living room, and passed out on the couch moments later.

****A/N So there it is! Viktor is in America and school starts tomorrow! Wonderful! Hehe... no...? Okay. ****

****Anyway, I can't thank you enough for the feedback I received. I really, really appreciate it. Thank you!****

****I hope you enjoyed this chapter.****

3. Chapter 3

****A/N: Whoa! Where have I been? On a hiatus, dealing with writer's block. I realized that I had backed myself into a corner by making everyone still in High School, because it doesn't provide the freedom that a College setting does. Oh well, my mistake. Anyway, don't kill me! Enjoy this chapter!****

Viktor awoke to a small ray of sunshine upon his face, leading to a window which sighted the snow. He rubbed his eyes and stood up slowly, popping joints. He walked over to his room, and slumped on the bed.

There was one problem Viktor didn't consider, which was the matter of his scars. They slithered and snaked up his thighs and arms, very visible amongst his pale skin. He'd have to cover them up with some long clothes.

Speaking of which, he needed to get dressed.

He unzipped the red bag by his bed, and was immediately dumbfounded on what to wear. The last time he was in the United States was five years ago, ergo he didn't know the trends.

Adults were easy; dress formally, and you are important.

Teens, not so much.

Viktor immediately swatted the idea of wearing a suit and a trenchcoat, which was what he normally wore in Russia. He had no idea why he brought it, but after hearing from the Prime Minister about increased terrorism and security, he figured a trenchcoat would be a bad idea.

After groping around in the suitcase, he pulled out a black sweat shirt and black sweatpants, along with some red boxers.

This'll do, he thought. He pulled on his new clothing, and popped in a few breath mints. He then walked into the small kitchen, and saw Tsarovich sitting at the table. the Prime Minister wore some khakis and a red t-shirt. Viktor sat down in the seat next to Tsarovich.

"Good morning, Vasili. Sleep well?" the policeman looked at Viktor, attempting his practiced American accent in English.

"Uh, yes, Mr. Michelson. I did." the assassin responded in his Russian-accented English. Acting was not fun.

"Excited?" Tsarovich asked giddily.

"For what?"

"School, you dumbass."

"Of course not." Viktor scoffed. "I don't even know how it works, much less the American system."

Tsarovich waved his hand playfully. "Oh, you'll pick it up. Just don't hurt anybody or give anything away, and you'll be fine."

"Public school seems like such a waste of time. Why can't everybody do it like I did?" the assassin asked.

"Because most people have parents, Vikt- uh Vasili."

Silence. Viktor swallowed.

"Er, I mean... I-" the politician paused. "I'm sorry."

"No, no," Viktor chuckled humourlessly. "It's quite alright actually. I never knew them."

The assassin sat down at the table, and toyed with his face mask. It truly was a work of art; the Identity Replacement Team in the agency was an extremely talented bunch, but this new version was incredible.

He had worn other face masks in the past, but they didn't compare to this. Other models of the masks were literally just masks, and made to look as realistic as possible. The new version made incredible improvements, the biggest one being the face-conformation.

However face masks gave him moral problems. Hiding his identity was something he didn't mind, but it was the fact that most of his targets' close ones didn't end up knowing who killed the target. Usually when he'd killed people under the age of thirty-five, angry fathers and families had tried to come after him, but it was all pointless. But the IR Team had a motto.

'A Mask is safety. A Mask is a hiding place. A Mask is your best friend.'

Viktor hated that motto. The IR Team was secret and reclusive in general, but what they did was even more clandestine. Nobody actually knew, all except Yozhikov.

After what seemed like hours, Tsarovich broke the silence. "I organized all of your supplies. Everything is labeled, in order, and put in a bag. You should be ready to go."

"What time do I need to go?" Viktor blinked a few times.

"It starts at 8:55. Currently it is..." He paused and looked at his watch, "8:20."

"Well, I'd better get going then" The assassin stood up and walked towards the door, slinging the grey backpack onto his shoulders. "Where is the school?"

"Around ten minutes left, down the main road."

"Okay." Viktor's hands curled around the door knob.

"Uh... Viktor?" Tsarovich's voice was breaking.

"Hm?" The assassin didn't even bother making eye contact.

"Be careful."

"Will do." And he stepped out the door.

Cold. That was the only thing he could think of when he stepped foot outside the apartment. Bursts of icy wind clawed and bit at his face and hands like hungry wolves. Viktor exhaled, before quickly walking out of the parking lot of the apartment area.

Viktor's vision cleared, and he sucked in a breath.

Massive towers kissed the sky and tickled the clouds. Highways curled around one another, supported by massive concrete columns. Lines of traffic crammed the regular roads, and an endless sea of people wandered on the sidewalks. He could see small businesses starting up for the day, homeless people leaning against walls, and many, many cars.

Damn, I thought Moscow was big.

He'd read that this particular American city had a rather large population of 5 million people. He wasn't used to that kind of density for a very long amount of time. Looks like he'd have to deal with it now.

A glowing picture of a walking man flickered on near the other side of the street, and people began to cross. Viktor followed and turned to his left, just like Tsarovich had said.

Viktor hadn't actually considered HOW to behave. Human interaction wasn't his strongsuit, much less dealing with children. American stereotypes would occasionally be helpful, but most of the time they were tossed out the window.

Yeah, you had your athletes, your geeks and nerds, your artistic people, writers, all that kind of stuff. He didn't doubt that he would see many kinds of people there. He also read that the University of Berk had one of the best college American 'Football' teams in the country, so there would be plenty of athletes.

All-in-all, Viktor had no idea what to expect. It was his first time impersonating a student. He had no experience doing that. Even as a child he was never educated with other people.

He concluded that all he needed to do was keep his mouth shut, watch and observe, don't speak unless spoken to, and avoid interaction as much as possible.

That was what he always did, now that he thought about it.

Another thing was girls. He would have to avoid them because A) he couldn't risk being distracted and B) they were vastly too young for him. At least in his standards.

Dear God, he thought, _I hope people don't make out in the corridors._

After walking a few more metres, he saw a sign that said ****SCHOOL ZONE - WATCH FOR PEDESTRIANS****. He was going to the right place. Soon he passed a giant sculpture with the words, 'Berk High School' and under that 'Home of the Leopards'. Viktor assumed that was the sports team name. Other students walked in through the gate, chatting with their friends, some on their phones, and others simply walking.

He followed in behind a group of five people - three girls and two guys. Viktor remained a distance behind them, but caught some of their conversation of their conversation.

"So I heard Tracy broke up with Kyle. Do you know what happened?" A blonde, tall girl asked.

A plump brunette girl responded. "I think Kyle tried to force her into sex. Tracy is super, like, no-sex, so you can see how that worked out."

"That's why I don't date. Too many shenanigans to deal with. Single and proud, baby!" A red-haired guy responded.

Ugh, is this how they all are? Viktor thought, tuning out of the discussion. He scolded himself for not immediately scanning and taking mental notes of his surroundings.

The school was a rather large three-story building. Windows were placed 10 feet apart from each other. The inside of the school was easily accessible with his climbing skills.

After scanning everything - students, exterior, courtyard - he simply sat down on the stairway leading into the school, and checked his phone. It was now 8:45. He stood up as quickly as he sat down, and followed a student inside, shoving his phone in his pocket.

To his left was the receptionist's office. Various school workers were in the office. He eyed a brunette lady in a scrub jacket, holding a clipboard. She was probably the on-sight doctor or physician. A tall man walked out of a room on the far side of a corridor leading into the office; most likely the headmaster or a counselor.

There was a vibration in his pocket, and he pulled out his phone. He frowned when he saw that Tsarovich sent it.

'Check inside your backpack for your first-day instructions. Good luck.'

Viktor nodded to himself and walked down the main corridor. He shuffled to the side where he wasn't in anyone's way. He unzipped the backpack and there was piece of paper with familiar Russian written on it.

'Your personal storage unit is on the second floor in Housing Area 2. The number is 2546. The combination to the lock is 03-15-27. Check your schedule for your list of classes as well as the map. This will help you get to your classes with ease. In preparation for your first class, take out the calendar, the pencil-bag, the red notebook, and the red three-ring binder. Backpacks are not allowed in the classes. Once your first class is done go back to your personal storage unit...'

The rest of the note detailed everything else for his classes. He hated public school already. Viktor could multi-task easily; if wasn't able to he'd easily be dead by now. But this was insanity! Balancing seven different classes every day with homework every single day! What kind of education is this? How does one get any sleep?

Viktor shook the complaining out of his head and stomped up the nearby stairwell to the second floor. He looked at the map and followed the numbers, eventually finding number 2546. He entered the

combination into padlock, and it opened. After yanking open the door, Viktor retrieved the necessary supplies for his first class from his backpack, and stuffed it into the locker. It would've have been so much easier to just carry the backpack everywhere. On top of his heavily conditioned shoulder and back muscles the weight was next to nothing.

More rules and regulations to deal with. Oh well.

He looked at the nearby clock. 8:52. Viktor stared at the map, nearly instantly memorizing the layout of the building. Only problem was that it wasn't put into perspective, so guesswork would be the other half of finding everything.

First class was AP Calculus. That was something he was good at and would take his skills in that subject to the grave. He worked at it every day he could, running simulations of taking shots at targets from various locations.

The Calculus class was taught by Mrs. Burns, who had room number 211, second floor. The map that was in Viktor's head, along with the decreasing room numbers, told him to go left.

Eventually he reached Room 211, and followed the students inside. There was still no sign of his target. This didn't make any sense. Where the hell was Henry?

Viktor sat down at a desk in the back row. The position would attract less attention - hopefully - and give him view of everything.

He blinked a few times and narrowed his eyes when Henry Haddock entered the room.

The boy was around 5'10', and had barely any meat on his bones. Sure, puberty had toned him, but he looked like a, well, fishbone. Especially compared to some of the other students. Large black bags sagged under his piercing emerald eyes, and his auburn hair covered his head in a messy fashion. Henry sat down to the front-left of Viktor.

The assassin compiled a quick field report of his target and made a few mental notes. One being that should he get into a physical scruff with his target for some reason, Henry wouldn't last six seconds.

But all of Viktor's thoughts were washed away, along with his ear drums, when an absurdly loud bell rang throughout the school. All the students were seated, before Mrs. Burns came in.

She was a short, pale woman, albeit looking very fierce and professional. Mrs. Burns had clearly had this job for quite a long time.

That didn't make things any easier for Viktor.

"Alright! Listen up!" She shouted, making Viktor cringe. "Summer's over. Whatever thoughts of fun are still left in your brains, relinquish them. You're here to work, and my job is to teach you higher level math skills and prepare you for your exams. This won't be easy. Absolutely not. But it isn't supposed to be. It's

Calculus."

Her face took on a lighter expression when she suddenly looked at Viktor and then back at the class. She smiled and announced: "We have a special guest with us today, and he'll be staying with us the whole year. He is an exchange student from Russia! Welcome, Vasili. It's going to be a great year."

Viktor's expression didn't change. His face stayed stone cold until he noticed the stares. "Uh," he coughed, "Thank you." He'd have to keep up his Russian accent the entire day. Not that it was hard, but still.

The class essentially went how, well, it was supposed to go. Mrs. Burns said they had a test on Friday, and passed out worksheets. She'd said she wanted the class to do them and see how far they got.

Viktor scribbled in the last few steps to the last problem, and set his pencil down, attracting the attention of Mrs. Burns.

Shit, he thought.

The woman slowly walked over and then inspected Viktor's paper. A look of surprise appeared on her face, and she spoke. "This is quite the work you have here, Vasili. Have you done this before?"

"I was told I have gift in Mathematics."

"You certainly do. Good job."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Burns walked back to her desk and sat down. Viktor took notice to the fact that Henry was done as well. The teacher essentially said the same things to him, and a few of the other students scoffed.

Interesting.

Around twenty minutes later, Mrs. Burns called time's up. "Wow. I'm thoroughly disappointed in a lot of you. Only Henry and Vasili got through the work. It appears we'll have to do much work this year."

Another atrociously loud bell rang, and people shot up from their seats and raced towards the door. Henry got up slowly and wandered out, with Viktor following him.

The assassin placed a hand on Henry's shoulder. "Are you okay?"

Henry slowly looked up at Viktor. "Yeah, thank you, though. I-"

Suddenly large meaty hands shoved the assassin aside and he slammed against the wall. A large, bulky, yet somewhat short student stood where Viktor used to be, and grabbed Hiccup by the shoulder.

"Come useless." He spat. "Let's have some fun."

Henry looked terrified, yet emotionless. "Please, Snotlout, I don't have time--"

"Maybe you don't. But I do!"

Viktor figured it was time to intervene. What better way to get close to Henry than to save him? It screamed stupidity, as fighting would probably get him reprimanded, but that wouldn't matter.

What was his name? Oh. "Hey, Snotlout! Leave him alone."

After those few words, it was as if the entire corridor was dead. People were silent, and stared at this new student seemingly standing up to the ruler of the school.

There was a chuckle from Snotlout. "Oh yeah? Why should I do that?"

For some reason, Viktor struggled with a response. "Uh, because you'll get hurt otherwise."

Snotlout pretty much dropped Hiccup. "What are you going to do? Slap me to death? You're hardly bigger than useless over here."

"Why don't you find out?" the assassin taunted. He was getting his groove back.

Soon all Viktor could see was Snotlout barreling down the corridor, fists raised. The assassin side-stepped the boy, kicking his shin as he did so. Snotlout flew through the air and smacked his face against the tile.

Snotlout coughed, and grinned. "Lucky shot."

Viktor narrowed his eyes as Snotlout advanced on him. If he seriously hurt the boy, he'd probably be expelled. That couldn't happen.

The bully unleashed a flurry of blows that any normal person wouldn't be able to counter.

Fortunately for Viktor, he wasn't normal. The assassin dodged and ducked under Snotlout's arms, eventually tripping the boy again. However, Snotlout caught himself quickly, and launched himself at Viktor.

The assassin rolled out of the way, and soon teachers were on the scene. They restrained Snotlout, and yelled at Viktor.

"Fights on your first day?"

"Disappointing."

"I cannot believe it."

They ordered him to the Principal's Office. He followed them to the receptionist's office, and they lead him to rather large room.

The man that Viktor recognized earlier was sitting at his desk, a disappointed scowl on his face.

"So, Vasili. Fighting on your first day? I'm really shocked. Your school record says you hardly get into any scruffs. Why is this any different?"

"I saw someone being... what's the word? Attacked? No..." Viktor faked not knowing.

"Bullied?" The principal suggested.

"Yes, yes. And I wouldn't stand for it!"

The Principal nodded. "I understand where you're coming from. We teach kids to be upstanders, not bystanders. But I can't have you disrupting school, just to help someone."

Viktor sighed. "Yes, sir."

"Alright then. Friendly warning. I don't want to see you here again, understand."

The assassin nodded, and stood up. He left the office and soon entered the main corridor.

This place was screwed up.

A/N: And there you have it! Third chapter! Sorry if it wasn't up to snuff as the other chapters, I needed to get things going. While writing, I figured out an event that would free me up from the school restrictions, and I will put that in the next chapter. Poseidon out!

End
file.